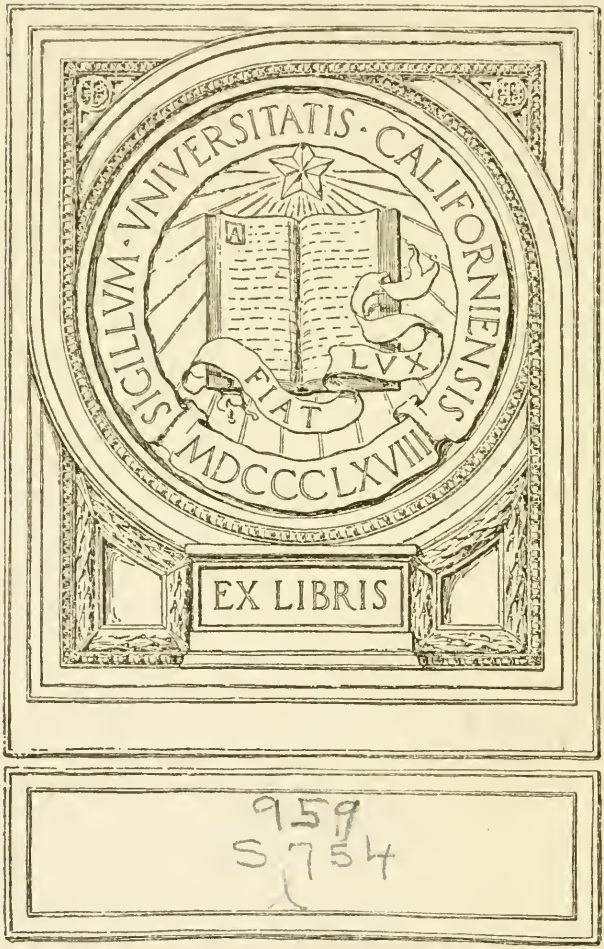
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THE LAST CRUSADE


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THE LAST CRUSADE
AND OTHER VERSE

THE LAST CRUSADE

By
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER
(Author of *"Songs of the Skokie"*)



NEW YORK
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.
1918

"The Last Crusade" was printed first in the *Chicago Examiner,* "Four Women in Black" and "Easter, 1918" in the *Chicago Tribune.* Many of the War-songs and sonnets first appeared in the *Line o'Type,* and *The Chicago Post.*

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TO MY TWO DEAREST AND SEVEREST CRITICS,
MY HUSBAND AND MY MOTHER, THIS LITTLE
BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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WAR SONGS AND SONNETS

From now on there are "corners in foreign fields that are forever" America. Should not the golden-rod bloom there?

Some day the fields of Flanders shall bloom in peace again,
Field lilies and the clover spread, where once was crimson stain;
And a new cheerful golden spray shine through the sun and rain.
The clover's for the English who sleep beneath that sod,
The lily's for the noble French whose spirits rest with God,
But where our sacred dead shall sleep must bloom the golden-rod.

For every flower of summer those meadows shall have room,
And yet I think no Flemish hand will touch the Kaiser-bloom,
Whose growing blue must evermore whisper of grief and doom.
But clover for the English shall blossom from the sod,
And glorious lilies for the French whose spirits rest with God—
And where our own lads lie asleep, the prairie golden-rod.

Once more the Flemish children shall laugh through Flemish lanes,
And gather happy garlands through fields of by-gone pains;
And as they run and cull their flowers, sing in their simple strains,
"These clovers are for English who fought to save this sod,
And lilies for the valiant French—may their souls rest in God!
And for the brave Americans we pluck this golden-rod."
December, 1917.

THE LAST CRUSADE

A BANNER blows where Sharon's rose in beauty once did bloom.
The cruel Crescent meets its doom — the Cross triumphant goes.
Where once the harp and tabor rung a newer anthem now is sung—
"We're going to Jerusalem to vanquish Freedom's foes."

"We're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
We're going to Jerusalem to fight for Freedom's cause,
That prophecy may be fulfilled, of lands untilled and thousands killed,
And mighty sacrifice be spilled obedient to laws."

Oh! little town of Bethlehem,
Thy streets may sound again
With rhythmic beat of marching feet
Of world-wide gathered men.
They follow true, Gentile and Jew,
That great Judean's word,
Who said, "I do not bring to you,
Peace, but I bring a sword."

Throughout each blue Judean hill stalk martial figures strange,
And mighty guns that seek their range make Hebron's echoes thrill.

From ancient temple, mosque and shrine,
Cathedral, chapel, home,
Come men who knelt in England,
Or bowed the knee at Rome;
Or bent the brow at Buddhist shrine,
Or failed of any creed;
All claim the right to march and fight
For Freedom at her need.

They're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
They're going to Jerusalem with cannon and with sword.
From land of palm and land of pine,
From tropic shrine and Afric mine,
They're going to Jerusalem to battle for the Lord.

And the warrior task is done,
At set of sun, at rest of gun,
Perhaps some Shropshire lad may run
Forgetful of the war,

To rest his limbs and drink his fill
By cool Siloam's shady rill,
Or sleep upon some sheltered hill
That Sacred feet once bore.

Some hardy boy from Saskatoon
Beneath the moon may rest and croon
Some modern ukelele tune
Where David piped of yore.
And men from Dublin and Dundee
Dream deep beneath some olive tree,
Or row on peaceful Galilee,
Or wander on its shore.

For ours shall be Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
For ours shall be Jerusalem, that golden city blest,
The happy home of which we've sung in every land
and every tongue.
When there the pure white cross is hung
Great spirits shall have rest!

Written November 22nd, 1917.
Published December 1st, 1917.

Gen. Allenby entered Jerusalem December 10th, 1917.

TO SAMMIE

WE'LL sew for you and knit for you,
And buy you "eats" and "smokes";
We'll send you pretty pictures,
And we'll write you funny jokes;
We'll pray you sail safe and serene
Across the ocean's foam,
And we'll keep your little gardens green
Until you come back home.

For you have gone to fight for all
That's sacred and that's dear.
We'd like to be there with you;
It's harder to stay here.
But we'll be brave, not tearful—
Soldiers' women hide their pain;
So we'll keep your hearth-fires cheerful
Till you come home again.

TO LIBERTY

SINCE you have called, "Come follow me
Through wind and rain and mire—"
No more I know the warmth and glow
And comfort of my fire.

Better the stinging of the sleet
On my uplifted face,
Than shameful ease and sophistries
Here in this sheltered place.

Better to march through storm and cold
Across the embattled land,
So I but know the path you go,
My hand within your hand.

December, 1917.

"SPURS"

(To Rolf and Donald, R.O.T.C. January, 1918.)

GIRD on my sword for me,
Mother, my mother.
Say the last word for me,
You and no other.
Lay your kiss on my brow;
I am my country's now;
She has my plighted vow—
She and no other.

Yours were my childish tears,
Mother, my mother—
My boyhood's hopes and fears;
And still no other
Hand for mine wistful seeks;
Pale for me no girl's cheeks
Now when my country speaks,
Mother, my mother.

No tears for me must flow,
Mother, my mother.
Smile on me as I go,
Your smile, no other
Gauge shall adorn my lance,
Warding off all mischance;
Kiss me, for I'm for France,
Mother, my mother.

1918

YEAR that's before us, O year,
Sacred to noble endeavor,
Strengthen and help us to sever
Bonds of oppression and fear!

Metals hid deep in the earth,
Hear how the nations are calling,
"Save from the enemy's thralling,
Free us from famine and dearth!"

Seed in the granaries lying,
You are more precious than gold;
Hid in your kernels you hold
Power over living and dying;

Bulbs buried deep in the drifts,
Roots, reaching snow-veiled and hidden,
Yours a high purpose when bidden
To beauty that flowers and uplifts.

Love that lies deeper than words,
Courage that watches unsleeping,
Blossom and bear for our reaping,
Deeds that shall battle like swords.

MARIANA AT THE RED CROSS SHOP

(Villanelle.)

OH! when will the mail come in?
Now, mother, do I purl six?
And how does the heel begin?

His last picture looked so thin;
But cameras play such tricks—
Oh! when will the mail come in?

These wools don't match; it's a sin.
Would you rip out, or try to mix?
And how does the heel begin?

I can't hear a word for din.
That old sewing-motor kicks.
Oh! when will the mail come in?

Can I pick up this stitch with a pin?
My needles are in a fix.
And how does the heel begin?

That dressing's too wrinkled, Min.
You must weight down your gauze with bricks.
Oh! when will the mail come in?
And how does the heel begin?

FOUR WOMEN IN BLACK

I DREAMT I saw four women in black
Who had borne great sorrow upon the rack,
Three faced the future with brows steadfast,
But the fourth sat drooping, with eyes downcast.

"Why, tell me why," I asked of them,
"Go ye in black from bonnet to hem?
Are ye the mothers of soldiers gone?"
"Yes," they answered me, every one.

The first: "My boy drove an ambulance
And was killed by a shell in northern France."
The second: "Mine was drowned at sea,
Fighting an unseen enemy."

The third: "My lad was an airman brave.
He lies somewhere in a German grave."
The fourth gave answer never a word,
But sat in silence, nor looked nor stirred.

"Then ye do not weep uncomforted?"
To the three who had spoken I softly said.
They answered as one: "We are filled with pride.
It was for their country our boys have died."

"And what is your story?" I asked and turned
To the fourth. Her eyes to my eyes burned.
"My story is other than theirs. No pride
Take I in telling how my boy died."

He died of neglect, of cold, and damp,
Here at home, in a crowded camp,
While statesmen wrangled at Washington,
The country that bore him killed my son.

"When History writes on the page of fame
In letters of gold each hero's name,
These mothers shall see emblazoned there
The glorious names of the sons they bare.

"But I—what solace for such as I?
Deep in our hearts we must stifle our cry.
Who will listen? And who will care
For boys who die here and not 'over there'?

"Was it my own vote, at Washington,
That helped the nation to kill my son?
If this be treason," her voice came broken,
"Then make the most of it. I have spoken."

I dreamt I saw four women in black,
But three for comfort did not lack—
But the fourth bore sorrow that knows no end—
The sorrow of one betrayed by a friend.
February third, 1918.

THE HEART OF LINCOLN

STILL heart, do you thrill, heart?
Heart do you beat again?
Thrill and beat at the marching feet
Of America's young men?

Splendid heart, unended heart,
Heart of our prayers and songs,
Beat from the dust, as well you must,
At the injured peoples' wrongs.

Weeping heart, unsleeping heart,
Somewhere beyond the grave
Do you not throb at every sob
Wrung from a fettered slave?

Oh grave heart, and brave heart,
Heart of our Lincoln, today
Live in the truth and the splendid youth
Of our young men marching away!

February, 1918.

THE PIANO RECITAL IN WARTIME

In a room all gleam and glisten, where the light half shines half dims on velvet curtains rich and crimson, there they come to rest and listen. Women—Women, quiet, sitting strange, laconic at their knitting, in that artificial place, with their furbelows and lace, furs and softness, charm and grace.

They are smiling, softly speaking, eye for friendly eye is seeking, but the old light-hearted chatter over every trival matter, that is gone; a gentle clatter of the needles rises high, till they almost seem to sigh in a curious litany—

"God of Battles, hear us pray!
Be with all our boys today!"

A long-haired Russian, glowering pale, with figure stooping, shoulders frail, bows and bends from left to right, then turns a profile strange and white; sits on a bench, adjusts his coat, then crashes sudden on the keys, runs a light course from note to note, then weaves his wondrous melodies. How his fingers lift them, sift them into music, strange and plastic, while his face, still-set, monastic in its curious detachment, never alters, never changes, while the music swells and ranges, while a vision to my thought from a far-off land is brought. Men like him in Moscow now fail their tryst with Liberty,

traitor to their nation's vow, false to honor, careless how we may blame across the sea. Swiftly, silent, deftly plying, still the needles go a-flying in a rhythm all their own, in and out and out and in, in a strange determined measure, in a poignant undertone, like a protest against pleasure, calling, calling silently in their ceaseless litany—

"God of Battles, save from harm!
Help our boys and keep them warm!"

The pianist has supple wrist, strong hand and flexible fingerjoint. With poise and ease he strikes the keys, and adds the subtle counterpoint our day brings to old melodies, making them dance and turn and twist. Russian, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, simple, involved, abstruse, or thinnish, throughout the morning without pause excepting for the soft applause, he weaves his harmonies. But all the time a countercharm spins from each woman's bended arm—

"God of Battles, help us make
A shield that shall all weapons break!"

Can a soft hour's dreaming harm us? Strange Debussy's eerie magic, wistful spell of Chopin's longing, Rachmaninoff's passions thronging, or Tschaikowsky's message tragic? Now comes wondrous Brahms to charm us. Will his melodies disarm us?

Art, men say, is universal, has no message, has no banner. There's no hint of a dispersal, but a subtle change of manner, while more potent and more high swells the elemental cry—

"God of Battles, turn the Huns,
And help our sons, and help our sons!"

The programme's done. At lengthened clapping the Russian smiles. As though caught napping, resumes his air of studied gloom, bows low again and leaves the room. The audience rises, turns to go, with swish of skirts and hurrying feet, when upward from the busy street there comes the rhythmic beat and flow of drum and fife, of shout and call. The women turn and one and all run to the window while the band goes by. They talk and laugh and cry and wave a handkerchief or hand. In khaki files the boys are lined, while the fife insistent plays a marching song of other days, "The Girl I Left Behind."

Grief and worry, care and hurry fade from every woman's face. Joy and pride and fine emotion take their place. Gone is fear, and indecision, for there shines the clearer vision in the courage and the truth of this splendid marching youth.

"God of Battles, praise to thee!
Soon all people shall be free!"

EASTER, 1918

THE Easter bells ring in the morn,
A robin calls the spring:
The purple crocus is reborn,
The buds are opening.
Nature resurgent breathes of hope,
She blossoms unafraid,
While heroes fight and bleed and die
For Liberty betrayed.

Unheeded is the robin's call,
In vain the Easter chimes.
In vain the altar lilies tall
Whisper of happier times.
We only hear the children's cries—
The mothers' piteous moans.
They mingle with the cannons' roar
And drown out nearer tones.

Our spirits call in righteous wrath,
"Lord God of battles, hear!
Unloose Thy thunders in their path,
Thy lightning bid appear!"
Our heartbeats seem no more our own,
Their rhythms as we pray
Swing into unison with guns
Three thousand miles away.

Mothers, your prayers and your complaints—
Children, your piteous cries—
Must reach high heaven and the saints
In blissful paradise.
All angels and archangels stand
Waiting the fiery word,—
"Ye cherubim, your trumpets blow!
Michael, unsheathe your sword!"

Heroes, ye have not died in vain
In trench and sea and sky;
Your souls shall win to earth again
To lead to victory.
The Cross flies o'er Jerusalem!
We sing, this Eastertide,
"The Son of God goes forth to war"!
We battle by his side.

THE AIRMAN

I DREAM I see him soar on high,
Remote, as when the swallows
Cleave through the airy paths of sky,
And dip in cloudy hollows.
Ah, love of mine, look far, look nigh!
Beware, for danger follows!

A sigh on the horizon's lip;
A murmur growing nearer;
Wide wings which like the eagle's dip;
A menace, showing clearer;
Sails screaming, like some laboring ship—
That ship; Ah God! I fear her.

A beating flame, a clash, a roar;
A falling shape, unheeding;
Your pinions unmolested soar,
You rise exultant, speeding.
The grim grey danger's past and o'er—
'Tis not my love lies bleeding.

YOUR WOMEN AT HOME

"It takes ten men here to keep one man at the front."
—Campaign Slogan.

HAVE you thought, dear boy, how many there are
Of the women who help you win?
Whose thoughts o'er the ocean come travelling far
To you, mid the battle din?

The mother, too loyal to shed a tear
The day that you went away;
The sister who knits, and writes to cheer,
And the friend of your boyhood's day.

There's a sweetheart—or is it a brave young wife,
And perhaps a wee girl-child—
A part of your own love and life
Who waved a small hand and smiled?

But others there are whom you never will know,
Who are helping just the same;
They pray for you softly, wherever you go,
Though they know not your face or name.

There are girls whose nimble fingers flew
O'er the threads of the power machine,
To stitch the khaki or the blue
That goes to you soft and clean.

There are women who work in a noisy room
Where the whirring shuttles fly,
Doing their bit at the tireless loom
So you may keep warm and dry.

And many are giving their youthful bloom
Where poisoned chemicals lie,
Where the shells are made that spell the doom
Of our cruel enemy.
There are hundreds, thousands, who till the ground,
Or are cooking in factories,
Raising the food, and making it sound
That we send you overseas.

There are women, women all over the land,
Who save and patch and mend,
With willing unaccustomed hand,
That they may have more to spend

For you and their country—women who bought
For adornment, before the war,
Now count their beauty a thing of naught
For Freedom—and you mean more.

And none of them think it a sacrifice
To toil for you, near and far,
For each of them wears in her constant eyes
The Spirit's bright Service Star.

SERVICE FLAGS

ACROSS our land a skulking spirit creeps,
With furtive eyes, and hands that clutch and scratch;
It pauses at each prairie dugout's latch,
Or where some mountain cottage-doorway keeps
The winds at bay while the tired miner sleeps;
It stalks malignant, ever on the watch
Through town and city, though no eye may catch
Glimpse of its path, take count of what it reaps.

You ask the spirit's name? Disloyalty
It is, reaching with hideous hand
To menace us from sea to farthest sea.
What power have we to hold it back like bars—
Little soft flags, bearing their modest stars,
The Patriot's Passover, that saves our land!
February 14th, 1918.

TO OUR FOREIGN BORN

STAND forth, you children of a foster mother!
Stand where our banner waves, our drumbeats roll
From sea to sea, from Tropic to the Pole!
We, who have hailed you o'er the seas as "Brother,"
Have fed you, roofed you, led you from the smother
Of old autocracies, have freed your soul
From ancient fears, have cleansed and made you whole
Under clear skies to live and love each other—
Make this demand: Will you sit by unheeding
While true sons die to save you? Will you thrive
On our rich fields, and warm you by our fire,
While true sons go unfed in cold and mire?
Come forth and fight, to keep your souls alive!
Stand forth and fight where Liberty lies bleeding!

A SOLDIER SPEAKS

MY life? What is it but a bladed tool
Come, newly-welded, from the earth, our mother?
Shall I dare use it for a purpose other
Than what is taught me at the swordsman's school?
"Lay it away in wrappings," quoth the fool,
"Better its edge should dull, that rust should smother
Its shining brightness, than that man, your brother,
Should chance to feel its metal, smiting cool."
Nay, fool! The conflict I will meet serenely—
The struggle, clash, the chance of early breaking,
The pain of wounds received, grief at wounds given.
Each man must wield his life with hand unshaking,
Must learn to guard, to feint, to thrust forth keenly,
And laughing die, if fruitless he has striven.

THE TROOPSHIP

COULD Cortez in his vision of empery,
De Leon in his dream of youth unending,
Foretell these ships that plow the sullen sea
With golden freight of courage we are sending.
O ancient harbors, waken from your dreams
To watch these galleons, laden with great treasure,
Returning to your olden fountain streams—
Our debt, repaid in overflowing measure!
Beat high, O hearts of youth! And young blood race
Through valiant veins! Young eyes new to seafaring
Keep ceaseless watch upon the water's face
Lest lurking monsters strike with cruel daring!
Sail softly, silently! Wake not from sleep
Leviathan, the dastard of the deep!

TO THE INVADERS

YOU desecrators of the shrines of Rheims!
You, from the North, the Vandal's counterpart!
Will you destroyers of all grace and art
Trample Italia as you trampled France?
Touch not historic Venice! Your advance
Would murder beauty like a poisoned dart,
Would build a Bridge of Sighs in every heart,
And win posterity's averted glance.
We will not brook your further deeds. Take care!
Not only shall the Lion of St. Mark
Turn fierce to meet your two-faced vulture beaks,
But England's Lion, too, fights on. And hark
Where mighty wings cleave the Atlantic air,
And through the dawn our proud grey Eagle speaks.

NEW YEAR, 1918

WE shall not see our women as of old,
Mere timid suppliants at the gates of time,
But waiting where the future points, sublime,
Commanding, to a destiny unrolled
In widening fields of service manifold.
We, the strong women of the nation, now
Must put our willing shoulders to the plow ,
And plant the grain that brings a harvest's gold.
Forget ignoble ease, for now is hurled
A challenge. Ours not only to keep bright
The olden fires, to do the quiet tasks
Of household routine. This great future asks
That we shall help our warrior's swords to smite—
Shall clothe the naked, feed a hungry world.

TO THOSE WHO WEEP

WEEP for young lads asleep on some far hill!
Weep, as you must, awhile for youth brought low!
No one would rob you of your rightful woe
For young blood sacrificed, young hearts now still.
But sorrow not too long. Your days must fill
With common tasks again; your path must go
Past where the springs of grief still overflow—
On bravely o'er the brow of Sorrow's hill;
For still there comes young laughter, and the call
Of life, that spurs to fresh endeavoring.
After the ice melts then the kind rains fall,
White trilliums bloom again in every spring.
So flowers of service blossom in us all—
The human heart is a courageous thing.

JOYCE KILMER

WHAT friend of yours can ever see a tree
Lifting its waving branches to the blue,
Without some gleaming, glinting thought of you,
Dear singer of that leafy mystery?
You felt the trees your kinsmen. It may be
That when the winds of autumn murmur through
The gold of ash, the maple's crimson hue,
The bronze of beech-boughs,—if we listen, we
May hear a new voice singing, braver far
Than the old keenings of Octobers fled.
Then we will say: "Returning from some star
He comes to us, not from the silent Dead,
But from that Choir Invisible, who are
God's singing servants"—and be comforted.

MONOLOGUES

CRISTOFANO SPEAKS

MAESTRO TAFI wakes me from my sleep,
Clamoring, "Cristofano! Hasten, lad!
Come, grind my colors for me, ere the rose
Touches Carrara and begins the day."
I shiver and I yawn to see him there
All fat and funny, lecturing away.
Says he, "My soul already thrills and swells
With ecstasy at what I plan to do.
My fingers itch to ply the soft-haired brush
Which eases to the canvas those sheer weights
Of pigment which transmute to works of art."
Corpo di Bacco! listen to the man!
His pigments and his transmutations, God!
When I was dreaming of a sunlit cliff
High in Valdarno, and a wind-warped tree
Over a tapestry of primulas;
Silver above, and gold-weave under foot
Two sat, two only, all the world apart;
And one of them, Bianca of the curls,
Was whispering to the other, that was I,
"Oh love, my love, the world is very sweet,
And thou and I, of all that God has made,
Are to each other faithfully inclined";
Then lifted she unsullied lips to mine,
When . . . "Cristofano, sleepy lout! Arise!
Quick to my call, ere I cold water fling

Upon that lazy lumpish form of thine!"
A murrain on his painting, and on him!
What are his pictures or his scoffs to me,
Who may not dream Bianca's kiss again?
For I, forlorn, may have no kiss of hers
Save only in the boundaries of dream.
When last beneath that ancient olive-tree
Came the gold flash that turned to primulas,
A long, long year ago—they dug her grave.

THE OLD MAESTRO SPEAKS

LIGHTLY, boy. Lightly! Colors are not dough
One forms in little cakes to feed to swine.
They must go on transparent, so you see
The soul upon the canvas through the paint.
Cristo! when now at last I apperceive
How art is best produced; have learned the trick
Of placing here a bright note, there a dark,
Just as Old Messer Sun selects his hues,
I am benumbed with knavish thieving pains
That rob my fingers of their supple craft,
And almost wring the tears,—while here's a lad
Whose hands are easy-running, joints move free,
Each hinge bends supple, knows its business,—so.
I lift one to the light, the quick blood flows
Keen, shines through flesh in the sharp morning sun.
His are the hands I make by proxy mine.
Could I but graft my brain beneath his curls,
Or better, disengage those hands of his
To serve my purpose at the nerves' commands—
We'd have a painter, and a miracle.

What's that you say, lad? Want a holiday?
Your Fiametta? And her fiesta? Games?
Come, come, I'll pay you double, if you stay.
Well then—be off. I know your sort of old.
Too tight a check, you only fume and fret;

Unwilling hands can only sully art;
I'll call young Giacomo, he'll gladly come,
To take your place. He will need soldi soon,
That silly little wife of his—well, well!
No matter, but each extra mouth takes food.

The lad has gone swift-footed. It is hard.
He is perhaps infinitesmally
More useful, or less inexpert than t'other.
They both are for the women; deem an hour
Spent underneath the sun with a brown girl
As counting more in worth than a whole day
Spent at the easel's side, measuring oil,
Grinding my colors, laying on the paint—
This way and that in satiny smooth strokes,
And learning to be painters, like to me.
Art was my mistress when I had their years.
Women! I needed none except for this—
To serve as models. If I could have made
Lay figures do me, like yon puppet there,
Whose wooden shoulders hold that velvet robe,
I had preferred it. Let me try a brush
Of carmine color for that radiant fold.
Perhaps my crippled hand will still have power
For drapery at least. Aie! What a twinge!
It runs like forked lightning up my arm.
I'll rest a while.

Women! They've come and gone;
Flashed in and out, the fools. Yet one there was,
Giulia her name—no—yes, 'twas Giulia.
She seemed a shade less silly than the rest.
A slender slip of girlhood, pale of cheek,
With blue eyes where there lurked a wraith of tears,
Like rain-washed gentians in the autumn breeze.
She was the Dolorous Mother in the group
Which first won fame for me. She could stand still
For hours, could hold her patient face upraised
With eyes of adoration—had in her
Some spirit that enabled her to look
The very creature that I bade her be.

Then came a day she said, "The picture's done,
Or nearly so, and I shall come no more.
Next week they wed me to Porfirio;
And I must help my mother to prepare
The feast; and you—you've no more need of me."
I glanced at her. I saw within her eyes
Two tears brim out and rest there, rest lash-hung.
"Stop! Do not move nor wink," I cautioned her.
I seized my brush, dipped white, a touch of blue,
Then painted the two globes of trembling pearl
That glisten on Madonna's grief-white cheek
Above the altar, in San Bruno's church.
"Now come," I called the girl. "The work is done.
I needed just those two tears to complete

My picture." She drew near, regarded it
Strangely a moment, turned to look at me
With curious gaze, and then, "Farewell," she said.
"I'm glad I helped your picture," half held out
A trembling hand, then drew it quickly back.

"No. Not a touch,"—thus strangely then she spoke.
"My hands, my lips, my duty, these shall go
To old Porfirio. You, good sir, have had
Two tears of me and so, good sir, farewell."
She turned to go, but as she reached the door
Turned back and spoke again: "You had of me
My best in those two tears."—Then she was gone.
A strange pale girl—I never saw her more.

From that day on my fame stood on two feet,
I'd learned the trick, to paint a woman's tears;
Was in demand for chapels, convents, shrines—
Wherever altars needed the sad face
With upturned weeping eyes of Mary Queen.
Some say that Dolci has the better knack.
Mayhap he has, but I have alchemy,
For with my brush I can turn tears to gold.

There came a day I heard two striplings talk
About my work. "Yes, he is very great,
On one side only. Art has many sides.
You note he never tries to paint a smile."
That angered me. I made a faithful vow

That ere Sir Death should snatch my brush away
I'd learn to paint a smile, the tender smile
Our Lady sheds upon her cradled Lord.

I've watched and studied every curving mouth
Where'er I saw a happy mother bend
Above her baby. Now I think I know
That trick of smiling, I could paint a mouth
With lips ready to beam triumphant lines
Of happy mother-laughter. If the fools
Want smiles, as well as tears, I'll paint them smiles.
I know the critic twaddle—"Joy and grief,
"Art must be many-sided. Heart and hand
"And head—these make the artist's trinity."
They prate. The fools. 'Tis hand, 'tis hand that
counts—
And this of mine obeys nor head nor heart.
I must depend on lads like him that's gone,
Or stupid Giacomo, slow-witted dolts,
Dull-eyed and unobservant—they who choose
A tavern table, singing, and a girl,
Rather than sacred hours spent at a work,
Might link their names immortally with mine.

Yet I will not give up. Not yet—not yet.
Since head and heart hold out there still is time.
Hulloa down there! Avanti, Giacomo!
Here's work for thee—and scudi for the wife.

A MAN SPEAKS OF ROSES

THREE roses I have had.
Three rosebuds bloomed upon Life's tree, all mine—
Mine for the plucking by the laws of Life
Inscrutable.
In their shy loveliness, their pink and dew,
From off the thorny branch I gathered them,
Each in its turn, and each in turn I gave
Into a woman's hand for cherishing.

The first most perfect bud was gift for one
As coldly dewy exquisite as the flower.
She thanked me with a pensive gentle glance,
Then laid it carefully between the leaves
Of some old worn romance.
From time to time I know
She takes the faded thing from out the book,
And looks at it. A mouldering crumbling, sere,
Odorless simulacrum of what was
So lovely.
A form of ashes that a passing gust
Of the fierce blustering wind, Reality,
Would crumple into its component dust.

The second bud, less perfect, went to grace
A dusky, warm-hued creature—

Flower-in-bloom she seemed—
The bud to her recalled—God knows!
She looked at me and laughed.
She took the flower, and bending low, face hid,
She blew hot breath into its pure sweet folds,
Till it, untimely, opened in her hand.
Deliberate then she tore the petals off
From their green calyx, tossed them in the air,
And laughed and laughed again to see them fall.
One tiny petal touched me ere it dropped
And burnt like living coal.
What hideous alchemy so soon could turn
A thing so lovely to a thing accursel?

A third pale bud, a weak-formed, sickly thing
I gave for keeping to a slender girl,
Who took it timidly, with trembling hand.
But she, she cherished it with tenderness,
And placed its stem within a crystal vase,
And took it to the comfort of her room.
It opened to full beauty;
Every day its golden heart, expanded, richer-hued.
At the appointed time, softly and noiselessly,
But with no sadness it let petals fall,
Like crimson robes outworn.
These she took up, and with fair spices laid
To turn to fragrant memory; then—
With loving craft she cut the thorny stem

Although her fingers bled.
She planted, tended it in warmth and sun,
Till thorns turned shoots, then green fair branches
came.
God grant new buds shall blossom for us two!
It shall be so!

Oh! bud of perfect and sincere completion,
That was the least in promise!
Oh! strange, hard ways of Life, and blinded eyes of
youth!
What necessary purpose in those other twain?
Or since I need must pluck them
Why, oh! why
Could I not give them to the tender hand
Of her whose wisdom knew what roses are?

THE stillness is a fearful thing
That creeps and crouches menacing—
And I lie spent. The pain seems sated,
Or sleeps somewhere, abated
Because of—what? I knew.
Because of poppy-dew.
The whole house sleeps; the worn-out watcher sleeps
After her anxious hours,
And out of some strange deeps
Beyond my utmost powers
This treacherous silence creeps.

Oh, I could shriek from dread!
But listen, ticking clear
A tiny clock that guards my bed.
Now four long cries, each like a groan,
From the old timepiece that is standing
Like some decrepit servitor, upon the creaking landing;
Now farther off the ship-clock's tone
Proclaims eight bells—eight bells I hear.
Now change the watch! They'll change their watch—
Those Things, those creeping Things, that wait to catch
And overpower and master me at will.

A momentary vision of the sea, in a far harbor
underneath a hill,
Where my dear love and I once dreamed together,
One afternoon, of soft Pacific weather,
Watching the sea-gulls circle, soar and dip—
When from an anchored ship
Came eight clean strokes, and a man's call
Across the water, and we held our breath
At beauty of it all.

Now I wait . . .
What traffic have I with beauty? Is it death
Knocks at the gate?

Peace, morbid fool, that is myself! Give over;
Lay hold of what is clean; think of white clover
And sunny fields, and brown sweet earth, of which
you have been lover.

Think of the spring and seeds and little shoots
And tiny reaching baby-fingered roots,
And all things fresh and gentle and most calm.
All these shall be again for you, and soon.
Can you not feel sweet Nature's reaching palm
Pulling you up out of your spirit's swoon?

Yes, but that other hand that I would shun
Pulls too, and clutches. Nature holds but one,

While that relentless other drags me whither
My voyaging has trended,
Since that first day and morn when I was born
To this, when all my little day seems ended.

I fear that unknown port. Must I drift thither?
The sound of waves is beating in my ears;
I drown in fears.
Will no one, no one come? . . . And still that pain
 is there
Crouching, somewhere—
And that strange other thing, creaks on the stair.
It's at my door. It's here! I'm such a fool;
Did I shriek, doctor? I am so ashamed.
I'm really not so nervous as a rule;
And yet, somehow, I hardly can be blamed.
You never came so late as this before.
"Early," you say? Yes, that describes it more—
Exactly. Doctor, I've felt the strangest fear—
Somebody, some thing, somewhere, there, or here.
I can't explain—it lurked and hid and crept . . .
"The Morphine? Have I slept?" I have *not* slept.
"Too weak a dose?" Don't give it me again.
The pain is awful, *but I'll take the pain!"*

SLEEPLESS IN THE CITY

THE great fierce hum, the city's din and strife
Sing into sullen rhythmic far-off beats,
Like some vast heart pulsing an angry tune.
The passing steps of men sound faint and far,
Save when some boisterous drunken reveller
Distorts the quiet with his careless song.
From time to time along the asphalt street
The tired-out cab-horse plop-plop-plops toward home,
To win his hard-earned rest a little while.
From time to time some demon motor shrieks,
Cutting the night air with a knife of sound.

I lie awake counting the chiming hours.
I hear the whistles of the far-off ships—
Filled, who can tell? with sleepless folk like me.
Weep they for grief at what they leave behind?
Weep they for fear at what the future holds?
Weep they like me, who know both grief and fear?
Stillness, that is not still; darkness, that is not dark;
What do ye hold of misery and tears?

Through the night's minor, comes a saner note,
Striking the daytime's key of constant tasks;
The whistle of the milklad to his horse,
The rattle of the bottles that he leaves
Little white sentries, outside every door.
Why speculate? I've still three hours to sleep!

LOT'S WIFE

THE angel spake: "Jehovah is not blind.
He sees your city deeply choked in sin,
And bids ye flee, nor dare to look behind,
While His consuming flames shall enter in
To purge it clean of His Almighty wrath."
Then did we flee affrighted up the path.
But I, although I joined in that mad race,
Felt my heart growing heavy, for it yearned
O'er the forsaken city as it burned,
Dwelling in turn on each remembered place.

The house where I was born; the stone-rimmed well
Where first I peered to see my childish face;
The court, where with my mother, at our ease,
We wove upon the loom faint traceries,
While her soft voice admonished, or would tell
Old tales her mother once had taught to her.
Then that fair other house where as a bride,
My husband, o'er the threshold flower-strewn, wide,
Lifted me in his arms in joyous pride,
To rule its pleasant domesticities.
There were my children born, who side by side
Played in the sunlit court, with merry din,
Or dozed among the Oleander's shade.
Thus, scarcely thinking how it was a sin,

Or, that Jehovah's self I disobeyed,
For one last backward look my feet I stayed.

For that one backward look He punished me.
These latter days I brood within my stone,
Thinking in my dumb way of what is gone.
The others of those fleeing, where are they?
The men were brave. Doubtless they labored well,
Hewed timber, smote the rock, built a new town
Where safe at eventide they laid them down.
Alas, I nothing know. None comes to tell.

The women? Did they mourn for many a day,
Or did they turn with courage to the task
Of settling the new homes in that far place?
Did none among them ever miss my face,
Nor of my fate did any care to ask?
Did Oleanders new grow like the old?
Were the new well-springs bubbling fresh and cold?
Who knows? Who cares? The World moves on
apace.

Yet, (did I dream?) I heard faint voices speak
Of a new God, our great Jehovah's son,
Born of a woman who was like to me
Save that she sinless was, while I was weak.
They spoke of Him as merciful, this One;

So in my soul which dies not, I do trow
That being born of woman, He will know
Something of that within, which turns and clings
To what is past—the dear remembered things.
Some day, when with the Father He doth plead
For sinners, to my case He may give heed,
Till great Jehovah for the love he bears
His Son, will listen to my piteous prayers,
And will forgive—and then I shall be freed.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

(A Dancer Speaks)

"SO I'm to be dead and done with, and my dancing days all over!
My eyes'll be dim to the flashing lights,
And my ears be dulled to the clapping!
Still I'll be, all the body of me,
And my eyes won't know is it days or nights,
And my ears lie drowned under long dim waves of silence lapping.

Well! I have been happy, and I have been gay, with lovers many;
And to some I gave but my finger-tips,
And to some a touch of warm red lips,
And to some a sigh, or a flash of the eye;
But all I gave was for friendliness, and not for any man's penny.
I followed my calling and danced my dance,
And when some gave me the look askance,
And smiled and asked me a word they shouldn't,
They found in me a girl they couldn't
Cajole nor cozen with flattering speech
Into easy reach.
Only my dancing has paid for my roof.
From that easy path for a dancer's treading
Where many a sister's ways were heading,
There was something within me held aloof.

So now it's over, and I am done for;
And though my youth is still befriending
My years, they must come to a sudden ending.
Over's the race, and the prize I've run for
Is still ungrasped, and I don't know rightly
What the prize was. Was it worth the winning—
Worth turning aside from the pleasant sinning
And rosy temptations that beckoned nightly?

No time to answer, so fast I'm going.
And "have I a wish I'd be expressing?"
Only a few. You'd never be guessing
Of the little town by the river's flowing;
So quiet a town, that it used to seem then
In the childish days and the ways I'd dream then,
That all too quiet were town and street
For my dancing heart, and my dancing feet.

Take me back to that quiet town.
In the little old churchyard lay me down,
Where the crosses are green with moss overgrown,
Where the girls I knew and left, will be singing,
And the queer old bell will give a ringing.
Then, when all's done, put a little stone
With my name and years. But instead of text
Or word of this world or the next,
Just carve this message where all may see—
"Here lies all that you knew of me."

"A BRITTLE WORLD"

(A Child Speaks)

I CAME from somewhere, to a brittle world.
All round about me there are pretty things,
The kind I want to feel, and learn about;
Yet I must never touch them so they say.
"They" are the grown-ups who are just like kings,
Who have the say-so over all my world
And me, and touch whatever they may like.

I found out long ago that bubbles break—
Those rainbow things my pipe draws from the suds;
Soon I found out that gay balloons burst too.
They gave me splendid toys at Christmas time.
I only played with them a little while;
Soon nothing seemed to work exactly right,
And Mother said, "He's a destructive child."

The china pig that held my pennies tight
Dropped from my hands, and smashed to little bits,
And all my money rolled about the floor.
They brought me a new iron bank, like a safe.
It's not at all the same. I *loved* that pig.

The cream-jug too. I knocked it off the tray.
Nurse didn't mind the cream, "There's plenty more,"
She said, "But oh! Your mother will be vexed,
That cream-jug's gone! She fairly *loved* that jug!"
Does Mother, too, think it a brittle world?"
The garden's always full of brittle things.
I pick the flowers while they're bright and gay,
But soon they wilt and droop and are no good.

I'm growing older and would like to play
With great, big boys out in the fields and street.
But am not let, for *I* am brittle too.
My cousin Jim has smashed a collar bone.
My cousin Ned, they tell me, broke his leg.
I broke a tooth myself the other day,
And Uncle Frank, I heard my mother tell,
To Daddy, when she thought I was asleep,
Had his heart broken, by some horrid girl.

But worst of all. Just lately came a time
When Mother asked a question, and I fibbed,
Because I was afraid she'd punish me.
Then she looked sad, and shook her head and said,
"My little boy must never break his word."
Oh! it's a brittle world for little boys.
I like it though; I very often think
A boy, if let alone, could have *such* fun.

EPISODE

OUT of the clouded cavern-deeps of sleep
My spirit climbed, bewildered and dismayed.
My opening eyes saw my familiar room.
Dimly each object shone in a blurred light,
That entered where my casement was flung wide—
Part city lamp, and part pin-pointed stars
Pricked through the taut-drawn blackness overhead.
A hush lay on the town. Low-gabled roofs
Icicle-hung, snow-shrouded, lay beneath
My window; then a tiny stretch of bare
Bleak ground, abandoned out-worn garden-plot;
Then higher roofs again, where people dwelt
In a grey by-street—an uncharted place,
So near my neighborhood, yet worlds apart.

It was the hour when mystic surging tides
Of life prepare to meet returning day,
Reversing through the sleeping veins of man
Strange deep involuntary waves of fear,
As though the dormant soul preferred to sleep
Endlessly, rather than take up the strife.

There was a sense of some strange questing thing—
A quivering expectancy, a hush
Came pushing toward me through the glacial cold;
Then almost as if it were in my room

I heard her voice. It pierced from out the cold,
Stabbing the silence with its anguished notes;
It came despairing, wailing, tense, as if
The words came, not from body, but from soul,
Tearing her inmost being as they came.
Their utterance seemed as though her life came, too,
Leaving her body. "She is gone," she cried.
"She is gone forever. I shall never see
Her more." Then silence pulsing, cruel-cold.

I sprang from bed. I leaned out to the night.
It was no dream. Somewhere out in that night
Behind one of those windows shining there,
A bleak cold shimmer—Death had waved his sword.
One soul had passed, and one was left to mourn.
So much I knew, though stillness peered and lurked.
Who was it wept? Mother, or sister? Friend?
I crept back shivering to my waiting bed,
And, "Woman, may God help you!" surged my
prayer;
And, "Woman! God grant that you somehow feel
That I am with you, O poor soul, bereft!"
I stretched my hand out through the empty black.
"O woman, may God let you feel my hand!"

Not till grey dawn stole the fast-fading stars
Out of the winter sky, could I win sleep.

Later, when sunlight came, I searched the doors
Of the bleak by-street. There already hung
The shabby crêpe upon a narrow door
Which opened to a steep-staired tenement
Above a meat-shop. My heart failed me. What
Apology my entrance might demand?
"Dreams," "Voices," Fancies?" So my courage failed.
Her soul and mine met somewhere in the dark.
I dared not risk a spoken word by day.

In the long column of La Presse that night,
Where cold type gives, in short, the tragedies
Of many firesides, I found only this,
That "Madame So-and-so of such a street
Had died before the dawn. The funeral
Would be at Such a Church, at such a time."

Was it for nothing that I woke that night?
Or to a sister did I bridge some gulf?
I dare not guess. God knows. Perhaps I did.

A RHYMESTER SPEAKS

ORIGINALITY? Critics, that is a theme
On which I claim no wisdom. This I know
Only—that you and those strange mysteries
The editors, who stay securely hid
In office fastnesses I seldom scale,
Hint (or don't hint, but say in plainest speech)
That these my songs are reminiscences.
"You've read your Browning." "Houseman echoes,
faint
Without his magic," "Dobson, sans the touch
That makes of Dobson's verse an elfin thing."
So you all say, and you are doubtless right.
Faint echoes mine, of better, braver songs.

And why not echoes? I am rather pleased,
Than grieved to know that certain lovely cries,
Poets have called to the resounding hills
Of memory, should faintly sound again,
When this, my voice, gives out its timid notes.

These hands and feet, these eyes, and ears, this
heart—
Yes, every bit of the material me—
Is but an echo of a vanished thing.
Rocks ground to powder, in some by-gone age,

Flowers long since dust, re-bloomed and dust again
For centuries, bloom now in stranger wise;
Chlorophyl color of the forest leaf
Turns red to show the sap of life in me.

So, too, that immaterial, that other me,
Mind, spirit, soul, ego, or what you will,
Is, so I take it, probably no more
Than soul-spun dust of other souls passed on.
They leave their gypsy patteran behind—
A spiritual trail of this and that,
Thoughts, dreams, ambitions, fancies, hopes and quests;
These for a while I breathe, and echo forth
As if they were my own; yes—and I think
That momentarily they are my own,
As is a part of the great atmosphere,
While I am breathing it, my "very breath."

Echoes, then, if you like; I need not care.
Echoes, O wise young critics, editors
Wise and discerning. Echoes, if you will.
God rest you merry! I'll go echoing on.

SONNETS

CARPE DIEM

IF this were my last day I'm almost sure
I'd spend it working in my garden. I
Would dig around my little plants and try
To make them happy, so they would endure
Long after me. Then I would hide secure
Where my green arbor shades me from the sky,
And watch how bird and bee and butterfly
Came hovering to every flowery lure.
Then, while I rest, perhaps a friend or two,
Lovers of flowers, would come, and we would walk
About my little garden-paths, and talk
Of peaceful times, when all the world seemed true.
This may be my last day, for all I know.
What a temptation just to spend it so!

RAVINIA

THE rushing winds their prophecies begin
Of autumn, and the harvests ripening yellow.
Each swaying tree bends whispering to its fellow,
While rising high above their rustling din,
A girl sings the Berceuse, from "Jocelyn";
And Steindel's magic bow, upon the 'cello,
Mourns out an obligato full and mellow,
That pleads unto my heart, and enters in.
Once, in the days before this clash of war,
This song to me came winging from afar,
With soft melodious prophecies of pain;
Today it tells no tale of unfelt grief,
But for a moment's solace brings relief
To thoughts, that wear the soul like autumn rain.

TO E. R. G.

THIS year, I think the coming of the spring
Will bring a sadder beauty, than I knew
In days gone by, because this springtime you
Will not be here to watch its blossoming.
Across the Skokie Fields the birds will sing;
Hid in the grass the violet's dim blue
Will shine forth shyly, but the lovely hue
This year, sweet tear-wet memories must bring
Of days we spent in the clear autumn weather
In happy talk, our pleasant future planning,
Of rambles in the woods we took together,
Of garden walks, our flowery treasures scanning.
Can you forget, when plucking asphodel,
The simple mortal flowers you loved so well?

THE SECOND WIFE

I LIKE to think he met her at the gate
With eager eyes, and tense, expectant smile.
He who had left her but a little while,
May still have found that little long to wait.
Did she hold back a moment from his kiss?
Did she glance round, half wondering and in fear,
Saying: "I thought that I should find her here,
Whose sweet companionship your life did miss."
I think, if so, he only answered, "Who
Is it you mean?" And she, half-tremblingly
Would answer, "Ariana. It was she
You sometimes longed for. Yes—I knew—I knew."
Then he—"I have forgotten utterly
Her name. In Heaven I long for only you."

HE faced the altar, spoke the Sacred Name,
Then turned. It was a text of Death he read.
"Live that ye meet it fearlessly," he plead.
To prove Death but a gateway was his aim.
I watched the altar-candle's flickering flame
Twist like a living creature; riveted
My eyes upon that incandescence fed
By patterned atoms. "A mere touch could tame
That glow," I thought; "Or does it but release?
Energy is transformed; it does not die.
The impulse changes only, cannot cease,
But reaches out into Immensity.
So we, so we our earthly flame once done,
May reach free faring to the farthest sun!"

NAPOLEON'S DEATH-MASK

I STOOD within the stately Invalides,
Your nation's gift, a domèd funeral pile.
I left the circled tomb to gaze awhile
In that dim alcove where who will may read
The legend of your still face, at their need.
'Twas Pain, the ancient sculptor tooled that smile
Inscrutable, chiselled the pensive guile
On lips whose curves murmur to those who heed—
"I who have stood upon Life's mountain peak
With hands outstretched to clutch the treasure spread
For those who, fearing not, aspire and seek,
Now cry to all mankind, 'Humble your tread'!"
Ah! stone-cold lips, though silent, still ye speak
A living message from the living dead.

WHAT YOU HAVE WRIT

WHAT you have writ is the world's heritage.
The world and I may read, if reading please,
Gathering your thoughts like leaves from branchy
trees,
Or plucking flowers unsullied from your page.
Between book-covers we make pilgrimage
To lost Atlantis, or the Pleiades,
Journeying in your gleaming Argosies,
Mere listless seekers for a Golden Age.
But from your pages to the world outspread
I may distil essential message, sweet
As that rare ointment, once so gently shed
By Magdalen upon the Savior's feet.
Who knows? Some service this poor handmaid, too,
May render through a grace she learned from you.

SONNETINA

To M. F. C.

KIND eyes that always wish me well,
Dear voice, whose cadences have lent
Me hope and sweet encouragement—
If hand could write, if heart could tell
My love, I think these words would spell
In letters gold, page flower-besprent,
A veritable document
Of worth that should your pride compel.
But if among these songs you find
A winged word, or if you see
A gentler phrase, a thought more kind
Than ordinary thoughts, then say,
"I think she plagiarized from me,"
And scold me gently, dear, someday.

I BUILT ME PINCHBECK PALACES

I BUILT me pinchbeck palaces of dream
From out the past, nor recked how day by day
Life, the great builder, reared across the way
A nobler structure, rising, wall and beam,
Of truer metal. Better far did seem
The fabric of my fancy, than what lay
So close, so tangible. I answered "Nay"
To the immediate. Shadows reigned supreme.
Then on a day came Time, with testing glass
And searching acid, and a subtle flame
That seared my soul, and thus it came to pass
I learned, that Life had only been a name
Till then. I left my bauble dreams, and turned
To face my future, tested, scarred and burned.

IF THOUGHTS ARE NOTHING

IF thoughts are nothing, then there is no fault
If mine to you unswervingly must wing,
Drawn from my loneliness and suffering.
No bars can hold, no sentinels can halt
Their timid, fond, intangible assault.
But if a thought should prove to be a thing
Actual, potent, these of mine need bring
No bitter myrrh from memory's grey vault;
But rather like some salve, that soothes to rest
An ancient aching wound, like healing balm
Used in the eastern lands to lave the head,
Until the traveller slumbers, comforted—
So may my ministering thoughts, unguessed,
Bring you a gentle respite, and a calm.

BALLADS, SONGS AND CATCHES

BALLADE OF BASIL

SHELTERED away from the noontide heat,
Amid humming of bees and twitter of 'start,
I lounge in the shade on the arbor seat,
And read an old book of "Ye Simpler's Arte."
The columbines nod, and the butterflies dart
As I pore over "herbes that make men whole,"
For "Basil hath properties never departe,
Procureth a merrie and cheerfulle soule."

"Mandragora brings slumber sweete."
I read as the leaf-shadows fall athwart
The yellowing pages. "For ease compleat
Ye cordial of marigold helpeth ye harte."
"Balsame will cure ye of passion's smarte."
"Mallowe hath vertue that stayeth dole."
But "Basil hath properties never departe,
Procureth a merrie and cheerfulle soule."

"Melancholie ye well may treate
With thyme, it will ward off ye humours swarte."
"Tansy keepeth ye temper sweete."
"Sorrel cooles bloode through its flavour tarte."
"Balme is the unguent if burn hath scartte
Ye flesh (such as cometh from brande or coale)."
But "Basil hath properties never departe,
Procureth a merrie and cheerfulle soule."

Prince in your palace, or down in the mart,
On throne of gold, or in tumbril cart,
Basil's your herb, come tide, come shoal—
"Procureth a merrie and cheerfulle soule."

BALLADE OF OLD TALES

STORIES whose magic never can fade,
Heroes whose glories must wax, not wane,
Lion-heart Richard, never gainsaid,
Arthur the king without fault or stain,
Roderiguez, the Cid of Spain,
Roland, the noble Olivier,
Whose horn could summon great Charlemagne—
What better tales can you read today?

Ladies of olden romance, the Maid
Of Orleans, dying in fiery pain,
Katherine Douglas, the unafraid,
Noble Sir Lancelot's white Elaine,
Patient Griselda who wouldn't complain,
Black Medea, Morgan le Fay,
Iphigenia, who pleaded in vain—
What better tales can you read today?

Islands, where golden young dreams were made,
Lost Atlantis sunk deep in the main,
The isle where Paul and Virginia played,
The island of Sappho's undying strain,
Crusoe's island—or that one again
Where the Swiss Family dwelt 'neath the palm-tree's sway,

The isle where Circe wove witchery's chain—
What better tales can you read today?

Laddies, if these old tales you disdain,
You've much to lose, and little to gain.
Laughing lasses, tell me I pray,
What better tales can you read today?

ET EGO IN RIVERSIDE VIXI

I TOO dwelt there, from Riverside have sprung,
Before its present celebrated age
When Lardner, doughty, black-eyed Niebelung,
Plays it up daily on the sporting page.
Those were the days more simple and more sage.
We sought not notoriety's long ear.
More homely matters did our lives engage;—
Where's the old Riverside of yesteryear?

Keen winter sports with skates or slide or pung,
Spring joys with Violet-island pilgrimage;
In Indian Garden summer songs we sung,
With none but birds to give us espionage;
Through autumn copse with hazel-nuts for wage
We ranged in careless youth, enchanted, dear,
By woods beloved of faery and mage;—
Where's the old Riverside of yesteryear?

Our names were not on Sunday's sheet outflung;
We had no social yearnings to assuage
By climbing tottering ladders rung on rung,
And printed portraits filled our souls with rage.
Humble suburban squirrels in our cage
Of simple round of routine year by year
We ran, nor deemed such life a hermitage.
Where's the old Riverside of yesteryear?

Whither, O tall and multi-gifted Ring,
Has vanished that dear place of which I sing?
Into what limbo, shadow-hung and drear,
Has gone the Riverside of yesteryear?

VANISHED YOUTH

WHETHER I'm shopping for hat or hose,
Outerwear, underwear, pins or netting,
Whether I ask for cerise or rose,
Whether it's brooms or tin pans I'm getting,
Whether I'm rushing to sales, or letting
Other folks catch all the bargains early,
This is the fact I find upsetting:—
All of the salesladies call me "Girlie."

Into the faraway long agos
Days of my girlhood have flown, past fretting.
Gone are the raptures of balls and beaux;
Ribbons and folderols and coquetting
Fled to the limbo of far forgetting,
Along with blushes and ringlets curly.
Yet I feel skittish and pirouetting:—
All of the salesladies call me "Girlie."

Mirrors discourage me, goodness knows,
Hint of the sere, and of sunlight setting;
Twinges rheumatic oft cause me woes,
White threads gleam in my coiffure's jetting.
Yet when discouragement's tears are wetting
My cheek, and my temper feels grim and surly,
I soon cheer up, and I cease from fretting:—
All of the salesladies call me "Girlie."

Dear Prince Charming, I can't help betting
On fortune's chances, so strange and whirly.
I'm not yet past the age of petting:—
All of the salesladies call me "Girlie."

"BUNGAROO"*

WHEN over-fatigued and weary enough
To drop, then I sometimes try to shirk
My duty, and browse in some high-brow stuff,
Forgetting my business and Red Cross work.
Then I pick up, with self-conscious smirk,
That erudite volume, The English Review;
But today I am knifed with this verbal dirk—
"Write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo!"

What is its meaning, that terrible phrase?
Offspring of Jepson's mental murk?
I puzzle and puzzle with wits adaze.
Is it Bohemian, Slav or Turk?
Does secret cipher significance lurk
Where those strange symbols flash from the blue?
Is it Welsh or Sinn Fein, or some Scottish quirk—
"Write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo."

When he wrote "that fat-headed western ruck,"
I wonder if Edgar winked and smiled,
And stuck his tongue in his cheek like Puck,
Saying: "This should make 'em all jolly well riled!"
When wells of such English undefiled
Spring pure from covers of Prussian hue,

*Mr. Edgar Jepson, in the English Review, calls The Middle Westerner "that plopp-eyed bungaroo!"

Should not new vocabularies be compiled?
"Write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo."

O prints of England! O Oxford Dic.!
We want to be wise and autocthonic.
But we can't to our nobler selves be true
Till we "write for that plopp-eyed bungaroo."

A BALLADIST BOASTETH

DARING metrist, who weaves today
A mystic, unmeasured, nebulous strand
Out of your fancy, hear what I say!
I write what present folk understand—
Simple songs of a nearby land,
Humble emotions, in no new blends,
Well-worn similes, nothing grand—
These are liked by my mother's friends.

You who are writing, as well you may,
For the eyes of tomorrow, tomorrow's hand
May cherish your volumes, and feel their sway;
I write what present folk understand.
When verses of mine shall be as the sand
Of the desert, blown back to oblivion's ends,
Yours may be reigning in high command—
These are liked by my mother's friends.

Friends, whose temples are touched with gray—
Whom Experience crowned with a silver band—
Tell me they cherish my roundelay.
I write what present folk understand.
For far horizons your ships are planned;
My fleet for hitherward islands trends.
Your verse by the ages may be scanned—
These are liked by my mother's friends.

Brilliant young futurists, imagists grand,
I write what present folk understand.
"My work's out-dated?" Well, thaf depends—
These are liked by my mother's friends.

ECHO

LONG in this valley she dwelt,
Echo, the lovely, the musical;
Echo the hidden, the laughing singer unseen,
Merrily calling the bird-notes,
Tenderly mocking the wind's cries,
Whispering back laughter of leaves to the aspens and willows.

Now she is weeping, is weeping, poor Echo, faint-hearted.
Weeping and hidden she mourns over men and their sorrows;
Unsleeping and chidden by clamors of grief never-ending;
Heart-tearing moans of the stricken,
Undertones vanquished and bitter
Of men overcome by hard taskmasters,
Women whose lives are but burden.

All of these sounds inharmonious
And jangling, she draws to her heart,
Then hurls them forth, doubling, repeating,
Till the heavens resound to their troubling.
The sweetest of all of her songs
Is the bitterest, bitterest.
The cry of young children unsmiling,
Who know neither sunshine, nor laughter.

Echo, shrink back from the contaminating
Touch of the town, with its noises defiling.
You who once sang like the spirit of spring,
Your voice is a troubling.
Forget us, O Echo; flee back
To the great distant hills with their vastnesses.
Hide you there pure;
Come not to us,
Till the sweet day dawn when mankind grown clean again
Dares call you forth from those dim distant fastnesses,
In voices by service made true and serene again.

Singing—
"We lift up free eyes
Unabashed to the sun.
Untrammelled and joyful
We call to thee, call to thee.
Echo, come give again laughter of children,
Sighs of young lovers, and murmurings of mothers,
Sweep of clean winds, and the note of the waters,
And stout cries of men o'ercoming the elements.
Echo return, Echo return!"

THE TWO SONGS

I SING thee a song with my lips.
Thou criest: "Sing again, sing again
That song, for I love thy sweet singing."

There's a song in my heart all the while
Lies silent and dumb and unsung.
Wouldst thou cry, "Sing again, sing again,"
If I sang what is hid in my heart?

Nay. 'Tis only the flower we love—
The color and beauty and glow.
Who cares for the roots in the dark,
That labor to bring forth that flower?

'Tis the joy and the lilt of my song,
That thou and the world long to hear;
The song that is hid in my heart
Is a song rooted deep in despair.

SONG

WHEN that I was young,
Merry went my ways;
Carelessly I sung,
Prodigal of days.

Now that I am old,
A silent miser I,
Clutching the moments gold
As they swiftly fly.

IF I WERE SPOILER OF THE SKIES

I'D stretch my fingers out to seize
The fringes of the Pleiades,
And weave them into tapestries
Of color and of grace.
A bunch of little stars I'd take
And fling them down into the lake,
To watch the ripples tear and break
Their spangles into lace.

I'd rip the moon out from the skies,
Cut it in twain and cornerwise,
And rub the pieces in my eyes
To open up my sight,
Till dreams of earth should shine as plain
As meadow flowers after rain,
And real things fade away again
Like mists into the night.

And last of my celestial fun,
I'd stretch my hand out for the sun,
And rip its petals one by one
To where its fire heart lies;
I'd cup the flame, and lift it high
Until it burst in melody.
All this I'd do if only I
Where spoiler of the skies.

AT THE LOOM

I'LL have no traffic with the stars, they are not
good for me;
I must content myself, men say, with earth and wind
and sea,
For the black sky, the scattered stars, are filled with
mystery.

I roamed the fields a summer's night, under a fad-
ing moon;
I plucked white daisies for a wreath, and happily
did croon
A little song that I had made, set to a simple tune.

"This daisy's from the girdle of Andromeda, the fair;
And here's a misty chaplet flung from Berenice's hair.
These flowers I tuck behind my ears are Vega and
Altair."

But one came by with eyes of fear, and tore my
starry hood,
And said I must not sing my song of stars, it was
not good
For me. I think he heard my song, but had not
understood.

And so I sit here at my loom and weave the shuttle through
The woollen threads as silently as all the others do—
They do not know Aldebaran shines through the homespun blue.

SONG

HUSHED is the cricket's song.
The rustling grasses cease
Their murmuring idle talk,
And the aspens are at peace;
For a passing bird has told
Of my coming, O my sweet!
And all of Nature, listening, waits
The music of thy feet.

DEWDROP

DEWDROP on the spray,
Timid child of morn,
What thy mission, say,
Trembling on the thorn?

"Mine a mission blest,
For a little space
In my crystal breast
Apollo sees his face."

SONG

WHEN Life has measured out those griefs,
Whose weight no mortal may decline,
I'll bear my own as best I may,
Dear Love, and help bear thine.

When Life metes out those flowers of joy,
Whose garlands deck our earthly shrine;
When all thy share are faded, worn,
Take mine, dear Love, take mine.

STRONGHOLD

I'VE a little fortress,
A refuge all my own,
Stronger than the strong oak,
Mightier than stone,
Frailer than a moth's wing,
Dimmer than the dawn,
Slighter than the poplar down
Or cobweb on the lawn.

In that secret fortress—
Hidden soul of me—
Tapestried with beauty,
Floored with memory,
I withdraw in silence,
Let the portcullis fall;
Then in silence brood I
Peaceful, o'er my all.

Birdsong after sunset,
Bird before the morn,
Children's song and laughter,
(Children never born)
These make up my music
In that hidden goal;
These break the pure silence
In the fortress of my soul.

TO EVELYN

(On her wedding-day)

YOU cannot see my offering,
Too frail and pale it gleams.
I bring to you a fragile thing,
A tiny ship of dreams.

But though the vessel's very small,
Its cargo, so I'm told,
Will hold the hopes and dreams of all
This wondrous glittering world.

And though Time's tempests beat and blow,
And Trouble's billows roar,
Safe, safe your ship of dreams shall go
With happiness as store.

So long as on its golden deck
Two steadfast lovers stand,
Your ship of dreams shall never wreck,
But safely come to land.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SLUMS

THEY sang of myrrh and frankincense,
And far-off Eastern things,
Of shepherds dreaming on the hills,
Of angels and of kings.

They sang, those children of the slums,
With voices glad and strong;
With wistful smiles and wondering hearts
They sang their Christmas song.

And though they saw no angels come
Down from the heaven above,
Yet every child felt reverence,
And every child felt love.

And a soft light, not of this earth,
Shone on them from afar—
For each knew what a baby was—
Each child had seen a star!

MY SONGS

I SANG my songs, my songs,
Unhampered of joy or pain,
Till you bound me fast with your love
As with a mighty chain,

And I fell on silence then,
For my heart swelled too full for speech,
And who could sing her songs,
When words were out of her reach?

You have set me free of your love;
You have left me bond to pain.
The light has gone out of the heavens—
But I sing again, again.

MEMORIES

OH! I'm back in the busy city
With its murky smoke, and grime,
But my heart is afar
Where the memories are,
Of another place, and time.

Sunset on the far Pacific
While our boat sweeps through the blue,
And the white gulls dip
In the wake of the ship,
And I think of you, of you.

The fair green hills of the mainland
Gleam soft in the evening haze;
And the islands seem
Like a land in a dream,
As they fade away from my gaze.

Oh! Life's work-a-day hurry, and worry
Depart from me, now and then,
When the ocean's blue
And the thought of you
Come back to my heart again.

THE TIPTOE DREAM

CAME a little tiptoe dream
Knocking at my door.
"Away," I cried, "You troublous elf;
I do not need you more."

But after while I changed my mind,
And opened wide the door.
"Come back, you little tiptoe dream!"
But oh! it comes no more.

IMPORTANCE

THE mosses remarked to the old oak tree,
"My, you'd be cold if it wasn't for me."
The vine that clung to its branches tall
Said, "Friend, without me you would certainly fall!"

Now the wind stripped the tree of its viny sheath,
And the moss was used for a Christmas wreath;
But the oak will stand till the century ends
Without the aid of its bragging friends.

Do you feel important sometimes? I do.
But the World can get on without me, or you.

I AM THY LOVER, LIFE

AH! Life, I am thy lover. Not as those
Who loving, and beloved of thee again,
Cherish thee like some wonder-blossoming rose,
Whose petal promise hourly doth disclose
Where hidden gold-heart beauty long has lain.

Nay Life, nor do I love as one who knows
Only love's questing, quivering minor strain,
Fraught with grief-filled denials, or the woes
Of cold indifferent touch, or cruel blows
That stab the spirit, leave the ardor slain.

I am thy lover, Life, as one who fain
Of no reward, steps forth triumphant, goes
Marching and singing through the wind and rain,
Filled with deep courage and a high disdain
For those whom fear surmounts and overthrows.

For thine own essence, Life, insurgent flows
A subtle, singing ichor through each vein,
Enhancing joy, and anodyne to pain.
Though vistas of the years may interpose,
Or this same hour my book of days may close,
What matter? I have lived, shall live again.

WESTPORT CHANTY

ROW from the wharf with its mouldering shipping,
Past the old town with its roofs shingled grey,
Out to the "Windflower," she's riding and dipping
Her white bow to drink of the blue-breasted bay.

Make fast the dory, and heave up the anchor.
Call to the helmsman to steer us due south,
Away from the town with its care and its rancor,
Out to the beryl-green harbor mouth.

Beckoning gulls and the salt air that's cleaving
The soul like a breath from eternity
Call us to beauty beyond all believing,
So away for the islands, and ho! for the sea.

SONG IN THE WEST

WEST, turn you West, while the evening is falling,
West, where a voice through the twilight is calling,
Over the Ridge, down the soft slope that follows,
Out to the fields with their grass-hidden hollows.

West, where the day's crimson glory still lingers,
West, where the sun reaches long gleaming fingers,
Raying and aureate, reaching and cleaving,
Straight through the clouds with their amethyst weaving.

West, turn you West, till the mists raise their vapors,
West till the first stars are lighting their tapers,
Past where the marsh-grasses swing their green billows,
Then you will come to an island of willows.

Hid in an elm, he is warbling his query,
Singing his night song, the small hidden veery—
Voicing all Nature in sweet invocation,
A magical outcry of pure adoration.

THE CITY

OUT from the great seaward marshes the salt wind came crying,
Questioning over the meadows, and up to the hills at the west,
While ever the voice of the city gave answer, replying
Proudly, "O wind, cease your sighing
And tell us your quest."
Then the wind answered, "O city, whose amplitude fills
The sweeps of the flat-lands, and slopes of the lovely cool hills,
What of your stewardship, city, give answer and tell
Of the people who dwell
Sheltered within your wide border?
Say, is your house set in order?"
Then the proud city made answer, "O wind, wild and strange,
What do you see as you range
Over our roofs, and our spires
Reaching like splendid desires
Up to the sun?"
The wind answered sternly, "O ye who have builded so fair,
Have a care,
That ye give to your citizens sunlight and freedom and air.

Look at your city, and answer, here by her grey river flowing,
Through all the years of her growing,
What has she done?
Is there no factory where, shut away from the sun
Bewildered young children work, pining for air and for fun?
Is there no groan of the man overburdened, nor murmur of him
Who works in the dim,
Ill-lighted, airless bleak room,
Despairing and gloom-haunted, soul all abrim
With revolt, and his spirit a-frown?
What of the men on the ships,
Crowding the weed-darkened slips,
The great cargoes loading, unloading,
With fear as a taskmaster goading?
When the pale star of the evening looks down
Over the roofs of the town,
What meets her luminous glances,
As traitorous darkness advances?
Has she not seen
Vice, painted of mien
Lurking, black smirking,
Where youth with sweet innocence dances?"
Then the city: "O wind, you have spoken,
And the blame of our shame you have told;

And the pride of our years has been broken
At the tale of these wrongs that are old.
Join wind, with the sun, earth and sky,
To work us an alchemy.
Sweep through our bodies and souls until clean
As the rain, and with hope springing green
As the grass on our country side,
We may boast of our upright laws, and our men of splendid pride;
Till we cleave to one another,
And own every man our brother;
Till we find our bread bitter when knowing
Our fellow is hungry going."
Then the wind: "I will sweep like a spirit
Of cleansing fire over your city.
My scourging might, will ye not fear it?
I will show ye no pity!
Not in her numbers of men, nor the size of her treasure
Is the great city's measure.
It is freedom of spirit, the loyal endeavor
That starts
In each of her citizen's hearts,
Ready to pledge her a service devoted forever;
When judgments of fairness unerring
Bring return of true service in men undemurring,
Unrestrained by the old bleak compulsion

Of force which made grief and revulsion;
When true tasks shall never be wanting;
When men go to labor with chanting;
When in hours when their life-toil is over
The aged may sit in the sun,
While the children scamper and run
Unmolested through grass white with clover;
Children, free-limbed, with merry young faces,
At play in the open green spaces;
Joyous young sisters and brothers,
And babies all rosily nourished, and happy young mothers—
A people united in service, forgetful of ancient races
Where cruel injustice and greed stalked in the market-places."
"Wind of the sea," cried the city, "Stir all my people with fire
For service to God, and to home and to all of this land!
The ideals of our fathers must stand;
But united to them, shall arise from the pyre
Of old orders abandoned and shames cast away,
A flare as of day,
New lit by man's hand at the breath of our God's own desire.
Cease not to stir in our hearts till we cast away dross
Of unworthy ambitions, and useless traditions,

Acknowledging gain in the loss;
Till over this city there stands that temple not made with hands,
Till flowering in beauty upstarts the blossom of white in our hearts
That blooms in the light of the cross.
Not the cross of the ancient belief, sacrificial sad emblem of grief,
Not the cross of today, when we grope through mists of gray doubt unto hope,
But the symbol triumphant upborne, of fulfillment in that future morn,
When the spirit of love all trancendent, eternal
Shall cast out all hatred and scorn.

I DREAMT I SAW MY LAUGHING LOVE

I DREAMT I say my laughing Love,
She stood knee deep in flowers;
She stretched her careless hands above,
And plucked them through the hours.
Into a swiftly running brook
She tossed them, bruised and torn.
Had those proud eyes but deigned to look,
A friend's name each had worn.

I dreamt I saw my Love again,
She trod a barren lea;
Sorrow had marked her brow, and pain;
Her tears fell ceaselessly.
One single flower she gathered close,
And bitterly she cried.
'Twas a forgotten, faded rose—
It's sharp thorn pierced her side.

A MESSAGE

THE snow lies on the elm-tree boughs,
To roof and spire the hoar-frost clings,
But Senor Robin, from the south,
Beneath my window sings, and sings:—

"Away with winter and its care!
I sing the cowslips budding yellow;
I sing glad hearts and April air.
Pray am I not a welcome fellow?"

Brave little friend, though days are cold,
And hungry cats are darkly lurking,
Your song goes ringing, joyous, bold—
"We birds sing on, and do no shirking."

My heart too long to winter's chills
And to past grief-pangs has been clinging;
I'll think of dancing daffodils,
And join the robin in his singing.

SISTERS

ONE sits and sews in a sheltered room,
At the close of a peaceful day.
The breezes waft scent from the lilac bloom,
And a wood-thrush sings its lay;
But her mad wild thoughts stretch wide their wings
To fly over hill and vale,
And, "Oh! could I follow my love," she sings,
"On the far-off gypsy trail."

The other is far in a rough wild camp,
Where the evening tent-fire gleams.
The wind is bleak and the mists rise damp,
And a distant eagle screams.
She has followed her love where the trail is long;
She has shared his name and fate,
But, "Oh! could I see" so runs her song,
"The old home-garden gate!"

GUDRUN

GUDRUN sits spinning in quiet bower;
(Sing low my wheel)
A knight rides by her father's tower.
(Loud and strong is the song of the sword.)

Gudrun looks out from her casement high;
(Sing low my wheel)
She sees the knight go riding by.
(Loud and strong is the song of the sword.)

Her hearts goes with him to the fray,
(Sing low my wheel)
But oh! he never comes back that way.
(Loud and strong is the song of the sword.)

When the moon lights the battle-plain,
(Sing low my wheel)
The proud knight lies among the slain.
(Loud and strong is the song of the sword.)

HER SONNET

(Double Triolet)

SHE labored with ink and with brain
At a thing which she meant for a sonnet.
The editor's dictum gave pain,
For she'd labored with ink and with brain,
"My critical sense it would strain
If I dared to pass favorably on it."
She had labored with ink and with brain
At a thing she had meant for a sonnet.

With lace and pink roses outspread
Her fingers had fashioned a bonnet.
She placed it upon her dark head,
With lace and pink roses outspread.
What d'ye think that the editor said,
When he chanced to behold her thus don it?
"With lace and pink roses outspread
Your fingers have fashioned a—SONNET!"

SONNET

(On the difficulties of writing a sonnet at home)

COME thoughts, for you must muster on parade,
A sonnet on the rain, my fancy orders.
(We'll have to sell the house or take in boarders
If things keep soaring skyward, I'm afraid.)
The rain—I'll make it spatter in a glade
Where larches tall o'er spreading flowers are warders.
(The old provision dealers are such hoarders;
It's all their fault that prices high have stayed.)
The rain, down-dropping in a scented wood.
(That recipe for scrapple sounded good.)
The rain, it rings with elfin laughter running.
(This pattern for my new frock will be stunning.)
The rain, where breezes sing and zephyrs laugh.
(Our oil stock cut its dividends in half!)

THE POET

HE sat where mighty trees outspread,
Through dew and sun, the whole day long,
Threading upon a silver thread
The little purple beads of song.

Rude men in passing mocked his task,
And laughed at all his simple pains;
They would not linger lest he ask
For largesse from their ample gains.

The task grew dull, his hands a-cold.
Now, mourning for their poet dead,
The clamoring pilgrims buy for gold
Those beads strung on a silver thread.

COUNTING SHEEP

A Bedtime Drama

CHARACTERS:

A Mother (who has refused to rock her little boy to sleep)

A Little Boy

BOY: O Mother, my dear, my eyes are wide,
I never can go sleep.

Mother: Try counting waves coming in with the tide,
Or a flock of your Grand-dad's sheep.

Boy: I'll count the sheep climbing over a wall,
But I wish you'd rock me instead.

Mother: No, no. That never would do at all;
Try to sleep, little curly head.

(The mother leaves him, but listens through a crack in the door, and this is what she hears.)

Boy: I'll play I'm out in the pasture wide
Where the wall's mos' hid in clover.
The sheep are all on the other side,
An' I'll call, so they'll climb over.
I'm sure I remember every one
That I saw in the field last summer.
This game is going to be heaps of fun.
Oh, here is the firstest comer!

It's that black-faced sheep with the crooked smile,
Who sounds so sad when she's bleating.
I was picking daisies down by the stile
When she "ba-baed" me a greeting.
The crooked-horned ram comes scrambling next—
He's over the wall in a hurry.
He's very grumpy. Perhaps he's vexed,
And thinks that life is a worry.

Oh! here's the fat old grandmother ewe,
She marches fine as a fiddle,
She makes for the gap. She'll never get through—
I knew she'd stick in the middle. (Laughs)
Two thin little sheep come over a-flying.
They're a very nimble pair.
They can clear the wall without half trying,
And land mos' anywhere.

Here's some of their sisters, and some of their brothers;
And maybe the rest are cousins.
I'm tired of counting. There's so many others—
A hundred, I think, or dozens.
Oh! dear. They are leaving one weeny lamb.
It hasn't the strength to clear it.
It's crying "Come help me. How weak I am!"
Is nobody going to hear it?

The poor little fellow! He bleats and bleats.
I can't bear to watch him trying
To climb. I'll hide underneath the sheets,
An' then I won't hear him crying. (Begins calling)
"Oh, Mother! Come! Don't you hear me call?
Please lift the little one over.
He's feeble and weak, I know he'll fall.
Do put him safe in the clover."

Mother: (running in) "There, there, my darling.
Don't cry, my pet.
They are not real sheep, my blessing.
You were only playing. (His cheeks are wet.
This is really too distressing.)
Come nestle all comfy in Mother's lap,
We'll play it's Cuddle-and-kiss time;
Your're Mummy's darling, her own little chap,
And she'll rock you to sleep, JUST THIS TIME."

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